

"A WOMAN TO WIN"

By CHARLES CAREY

Author of "The Scarlet Warning," "Down the Toboggan,"
"The Van Suyden Sapphires," etc.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Learning that Helene Burns, the girl he loves, is about to accept a position as teacher in the Phillips school, the young Chicagoan, Jim Harrison, hurries to New York to ask her to be his wife. His proposal, however, is so businesslike that Helene refuses him. Shortly afterward, hearing that his fortune has been swept away in the stock market, he sails with an old sea captain, Ezra Carman, for an island in the Malay Archipelago, where Carman believes a great treasure to be hidden. When near their destination, Helene is struck by a storm, during which Carman, in a fit of temporary insanity, flings Jim overboard. The young man, though half-dead, makes shore by clinging to a spar from the ship.

Meanwhile Jim's rival, Starr Spencer, a financier, involves Harrison's name with the Santa Teresa gold-mine swindle, which is being investigated by the Government. He informs his assistant, who passes under the name of North, of his intention to divorce his wife that he may marry Helene, and tells him that the girl's supposedly worthless property in Brazil, which he can buy at his own price, in all probability contains a valuable diamond mine.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MIRACLE AT THE CAVE.

AFTER their night of revelry, the savages were fast asleep late the next morning, but Jim heeded not their drowsy protests.

With the first peep of dawn he was up himself and vigorously routing them out of their lairs.

Malanaga fared no better than the rest. If Vartre had been Berlin, Harrison would have got nothing less than a life sentence for his lese majeste, the way he jostled the royal shajade, and bawled into the royal ear, and generally disturbed the royal slumbers.

They had promised him an early start, he signified to them, and they must keep their word, for the enchantress could only do her best work when the dew lay on the grass, and hence any delay might result in deciding untoward manifestations.

"You bet it might," he added with grim humor to himself. "Such a manifestation, for instance, as a ship coming into the harbor before we are ready to see her."

At last, though, the yawning, heavy-eyed bunch were ready for the start, and the march, with the chief, Jim and Helene at its head, was taken up just as the sun popped his head up over the rim of the ocean.

The sacred cave, it seemed, was quite a distance away from the village, being located among the frowning cliffs on the westward shore of the island; and the journey thither was a rather arduous one—even perilous in spots.

Malanaga explained that the easiest road was from the harbor, skirting around the coast, and after traversing a mile or more of this, Jim wondered what the others must be like to be styled even by courtesy a path.

The trail they were following led up sharply from the little strip of beach around the bay, and was so narrow and precipitous that only in single file could they proceed at all.

Soon they found themselves high up on the bluffs, with nothing between them and the ocean thundering away among the jagged rocks at the base.

More than once Harrison's heart was in his mouth, as he watched Helene essay some shaky passage; but upheld by excitement, she tripped along jauntily and fearlessly, showing indeed less nervousness and fatigue over the journey than did any of the rest.

"Is this our destination so soon?" she asked gaily, when the chief at last signaled for a halt. "Why, coming here is a mere breather. And now, where is the cave?"

Malanaga, grown almost as quick now to catch the drift of some of their questions as if he understood the words, pointed to a rude flight of steps cut into the clay, which led almost perpendicularly up the cliff.

"But I can see nothing," she exclaimed bewilderingly. "The steps stop short a dozen feet up, and above that is only blank wall."

Then she flushed with chagrin as she felt Jim's warning pressure on her arm, and remembered that the opening was supposed to be concealed.

Lightly she sprang forward, scaling the steep, irregular footholds, and a moment later she was at the top.

"Yes," she called, breathlessly, down to Jim, "it is here. A narrow orifice, that I shall have to crawl into on my hands and knees; but I can see that it widens out on the inside."

Then she abruptly disappeared from view.

She was gone a long time; but this did not worry Jim particularly, as he surmised that among such an embarrassment of riches, she found it hard to decide just what to take.

Realizing, too, that it would be impossible for any one to spy upon her, he even approached the cave's entrance without his knowledge, he turned to watch the antics of his retreating, who were beguiling the tedium of waiting by shooting with a curious kind of slung-shot at the sea fowl as they darted in and out from their nests along the cliff below.

Remarkably expert did the marksmen show themselves, too, with their primitive weapon, and many a luckless bird fell squawking and flapping into the sea as a result of their precision.

As Harrison has his arm raised he was startled by a shout from the natives, and turned to see Helene, emerging from the cave, make a desperate but futile grab at his feather head dress.

Scraped off against the roof of the opening, it hung poised for an instant on the ledge, then, caught by a gust of wind, whirled out over the cliff, loose, her beautiful hair, coming loose, streamed down on both sides of her head, for all the world to see.

Startled and dismayed by the mishap, she seemed to lose her presence of mind, closed her eyes and tottered unsteadily on her insecure perch. If she fell she might easily rebound from the lower ledge and go over into the sea.

Realizing her danger, Jim thrust the slungshot into his pocket and ran rapidly up the narrow path.

"Jump, Helene!" he commanded sharply. "Jump to me!"

She opened her dizzy eyes, saw him just below and came down straight as a plummet into his arms.

He caught her, set her on her feet; then whirling around in front of her, turned to face the crowd.

He never had any thought but that a rush would be made. So bold a deception practiced upon them would arouse a thirst for immediate revenge.

His one hope was that in such restricted quarters where only one man at a time could get at him he might be able to hold them back.

To what avail, since even if successful he and she could not remain indefinitely upon that barren cliffside, he did not stop to reflect. His one idea now was to stay the night.

But to his amazement he found none to stay. The savages, instead of advancing, had drawn back, pointing with wondering fingers, gazing with wide, awe-struck eyes.

Even the sardonic old chief priest seemed stricken with stupefaction.

For a moment Jim did not know what to make of it; then, as an acclaiming chorus arose, and he recognized among the babble of cries the word they used for "The Enchantress! The Enchantress!" he understood.

By her secret arts within the cave she was supposed to have performed this miracle. Into it she had gone a shorn woman; out she came with a full suit of hair on both sides of her head.

Could anything more clearly prove her possession of supernatural powers? It was simple, when you came to comprehend.

Nor did Jim fail to take advantage of the circumstances thus so happily misconstrued.

Abandoning his attitude of defense, he thrust Helene forward, so that all might gaze their fill upon the magical growth, pretended himself to be lost in spellbound admiration of the prodigy, called Malanaga, and the chief priest, forward to test with their fingers and to assure themselves it issued from the scalp and turned the incident generally to good account.

The thing proved a nuisance in one way, though, for so great was the curiosity and excitement aroused and so closely did the savages press around Helene to gaze and examine, that he did not have a chance to discuss with her the details of her quest.

Down the path along the cliffs where they had to watch their steps and go in single file, there was, of course, no opportunity to talk, and when they reached the beach they met a fresh concourse of the people, who, apprised by runners tearing ahead, had come out to gaze and goggle at the mystery.

Jim tried to question her with his eyes once or twice; but in each case she avoided his glance, and impatiently shook her head, as though to bid him wait.

She seemed, he noticed, too, a bit depressed and dully and radiant himself over the way things had turned out, he could not understand this, but ascribed it in a way to the agitation caused by her narrow escape.

He waited impatiently in the secluded rendezvous where he had arranged that they should meet and reckon up their spoils, and at last, when the populace had gone over its duster, and had sunk into the noonday siesta, she came.

"And now," he cried, rising eagerly to greet her, "let us see the sparklers!"

For answer Helene thrust her hand into a fold of her dress, and brought out for his inspection—three brass buttons, a shred of faded blue cloth, the tip of an old-fashioned telescope, and the broken top of a bottle of Heiland gin!

possession already, why should they take it away? It had no value in their eyes, save as a fetish and offering to their deity.

"No," he reiterated stubbornly. "It is there—conspicuously concealed, of course, but still there. Did you look underneath the altar?"

"Certainly, I did. Don't you suppose I thought of all these things?" she cried, resentfully. "Am I not as deeply interested as you?"

"Of course, of course," changing his tone. "And I am not blaming you, sweetheart. I know that you did everything in your power. But it is so puzzling, so utterly inexplicable, that I simply cannot understand."

He fell silent at that, and stood for a long time trowling and absorbed, while she leaned against a tree trunk opposite, watching his face and anxiously trying to follow his deliberations.

Finally he threw up his head with a gesture of settled decision.

"There is nothing else for it," he said. "I must examine the place for myself. Otherwise, I will never feel satisfied."

She stretched out a quick hand in dissent.

"You will go to the cave?" she cried. "Yes. There is really no danger at this hour; every one is asleep, and my absence will never be noted. You go back to the village and wait for me, dear one. I will be back before sunset."

"No, no," she expostulated. "If you are determined to do this thing, please, please don't leave me behind. I should die all alone there among those savages, imagining a thousand evils happening to you every minute. Let me go along, Jim. I shall not mind the walk at all. See, I am not a bit tired."

So earnestly did she plead that he finally yielded to her importunities.

He could not deny, too, that she advanced a strong point when she argued that in case of discovery their peril would be greatly minimized by her presence. The savages might readily stand for a second visit of the "Enchantress" to the shrine, whereas Jim's going alone would be without excuse or justification—an act of ruthless blasphemy.

"All right, then," he assented grudgingly at last; "but we must be making haste. Don't stop to pick up that trash," as she lingered to gather together the "treasure" he had disdainfully thrown into the bushes.

"Oh, Jim," she deprecated, "they value it. Don't let us rob them unless we have to. It would be like plundering a Christmas tree. I merely brought it along to convince you there was nothing else. Surely we must put it back."

He could not but feel the justice of her reproof, and assisted her to hunt up the scattered gewgaws.

Afterward he was glad that he had heeded her counsel, for when they emerged upon the shore of the bay a

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—Mrs. Horace Jennings, wealthy and socially prominent in the Oranges, who lives at 269 North Grove street, East Orange, awoke with a start early this morning. She had dreamed that a burglar was stealing in the room. She called to her husband, who was sleeping soundly.

"Horace," she cried, "there is a burglar in the house!"

"Oh, go to sleep. There's no one in here. It's merely your vivid imagination," replied Mr. Jennings.

"I'm certain there is some one," insisted Mrs. Jennings.

"Bless you, you're only dreaming. Go to sleep." And he followed the advice himself.

She went downstairs and found that the glass in the outer kitchen door had been broken. A call was sent for Sgt. Frank Patterson, of the East Orange police, who found that a burglar had been through the house, but had taken only the pocketbook and penknife.

It is the theory of the police that a man was in Mrs. Jennings' room when she awoke, but that he escaped while she was trying to make her husband get up.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Dec. 12.—William Ellenhausen, a carpenter, fell down a hole through which the sliding pole runs at the quarters of the hose company of this city, and landed on a cement pavement sixteen feet below. He was cut about the head, but is not dangerously injured.

DIES AGED 104.
HARRISBURG, Dec. 21.—Mrs. Rebecca Cohen, Stenton's oldest resident, is dead, at her home in that place, aged 104 years. Mrs. Cohen was a native of Russia, and came to this country more than sixty years ago.

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little later they found a party of fishermen splitting their sides with laughter, and, halting to inquire the cause of the merriment, he learned that the chief priest, struck by the miracle which had been performed, was proposing to brave the wrath of the gods and pay an out-of-season visit to the shrine on the morrow, in the effort to induce the sprouting of a new hirsute crop upon his own bald poll.

"Let us hope that the god of thunder will reward him as he deserves," said one of the natives, fervently. "He is an old fool, and has lived too long already."

"And I don't know but that I echo your pious sentiments, my friend," muttered Jim, as he turned away. "By Jove, though, Helene, isn't it lucky that you insisted on restoring these things? If that old scorpion had gone up there tomorrow to find them missing, and had been able in any way to trace up the vandalism to us—what!"

"That is," he added quickly, "unless the steamer providentially arrived in the meantime to pick us up."

Involuntarily, as he spoke, he cast a glance out to sea, and for a space both of them were mute.

They had paused upon the first little rise of the ascent, and just below them the waters of the harbor flashed and twinkled in the sunlight. Beyond was the white line of breakers, and still farther out the dark, irregular plain of the ocean—all empty, and vacant of a sail.

True, the prospect was somewhat restricted today, for the horizon was vague and indefinite in haze, the precursor of a sea-fog rolling in toward shore; but they could see far enough to be sure that no immediate rescue was at hand.

Twice as long did the way appear as when Helene had traversed it that morning, for then she had been upheld by hope and excitement; but now her limbs were weighted down by a dull, dragging sense of disappointment and futility.

Thus their progress was necessarily slow; but at last they arrived at their goal, and, leaving Helene upon the ledge, Jim took the little bundle of trunks and climbed up to the opening. It did not take him long to discover that her report was substantially correct. The treasure was neither in sight, nor was there any conceivable spot where it might be concealed.

Still, he did not like to leave with a possible chance unexplored, and so lingered on, scratching at the flinty gully, sounding the walls, seeking in every way to locate a hidden cache.

All his effort was in vain, though, and he was preparing to leave in utter discomfiture when he was startled to hear a low call of warning from Helene. He thrust his head out of the opening, gazing where she pointed, and beheld to his horror, the chief priest coming down the cliff on the other trail from the village.

At the same moment the pontiff saw them, and a gleam of cruel, fanatic rage lighting up his eye, he drew his creese and sprang down the slope toward them.

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DREAMS OF BURGLAR, THEN FINDS IT TRUE

Society Woman Awakes and Calls Husband, Who Sleepily Scouts at Her Fears—Articles Found Missing When They Get Up.

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ARMY-NAVY UNION TO HOLD LOVE FEAST

In celebration of the reorganization of the District branch of the Army and Navy Union, four garrisons of which were suspended several months ago by Commander-in-chief J. Edward Brown, a love feast will be held soon after January 1. Commander Brown, his staff, the former officials of the suspended garrisons and a number of Representatives and Senators will be present.

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CHRISTMAS TREES SOLD BY CARLOADS

According to Leading Florists, Demand Is Greater Than the Supply.

According to statements made today by several leading florists of the city, more than five carloads of Christmas trees have been disposed of in Washington since the cedars made their first appearance on the market the middle of last week.

In some cases, it is claimed, many of the florists have already found it impossible to fill the demand.

The first consignment of trees reached the city last Thursday. Two carloads were disposed of by one dealer in a single day. Three more carloads were received by various dealers before Saturday and orders had been received for practically the entire amount at the close of business Saturday night.

It is now practically assured that the Maine trees will be more in demand than those shipped from either Maryland or Virginia this year. They are of an unusual good quality and are bringing good prices. The small Boston tea table tree, which is scarcely more than three feet high, is retailing from 50 cents up, while some of the larger trees, of the Norway spruce type, have brought as high as \$35.

In anticipation of the heaviest demand for trees ever known, local dealers have a heavy stock ordered from Maine, and several more carloads are expected to arrive between now and Friday. Many of the cedars ordered are of the \$3 a yard variety, although a great many of the smaller ones will also be put on the market.

Competition from Maryland and Virginia trees is expected to begin early this week, when they will be brought in and sold by farmers from the side walks. As they are not expected to be of the same hardy variety of the Eastern trees, however, it is not believed they will not seriously interfere with the sale of trees imported from Maine.

COMPROMISES SUIT.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 21.—T. Mitchell Horner's \$100,000 suit against Dr. and Mrs. Isaac E. Emerson, parents of his former wife, Mrs. Daisy Emerson, in which Mrs. Horner charged alienation of his wife's affections, has been compromised for \$100,000. Dr. Emerson also agreeing to pay the costs. Mrs. Horner is to marry James M. Vickers, of New York, on January 4. Mrs. Horner is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Smith Hollins McKim, in New York.

Thus their progress was necessarily slow; but at last they arrived at their goal, and, leaving Helene upon the ledge, Jim took the little bundle of trunks and climbed up to the opening. It did not take him long to discover that her report was substantially correct. The treasure was neither in sight, nor was there any conceivable spot where it might be concealed.

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FALLS THROUGH HOLE IN STATION FLOOR

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COKE OVENS FIRE UP, CAUSING MUCH JOY

Many Plants Start, Indicating Big Orders From Blast Furnaces.

MT. PLEASANT, Pa., Dec. 21.—The people here are rejoicing over the firing of the Acme coke plant of W. J. Rainey. It is expected that the plant will be operating full this week. The plant consists of 230 ovens, of which 180 were fired today, and the remainder will be fired tomorrow.

The company would have fired the ovens some time ago, but the scarcity of water prevented it. If the water supply holds out the plant will not again be closed down. It gives employment to over 500 men.

The Spring Grove plant of the Cochran was also fired today, with fifty-nine ovens that had been closed a year. The Republic Iron and Steel Company has just fired its Martin plant of 138 ovens, and will keep it in continuous operation.

The new plant of the Mt. Pleasant Coke Company, located between Hecla and Standard, will be fired on January 1.

Many companies report that they have contracts extending from the first of the year, and in order to fill these it will be necessary to fire additional ovens.

ABUSED HEBREWS FREEZE AND STARVE

Authorities in Finland Resurrect Obsolete Statutes and Create Reign of Terror.</